

10-9-1913

Letter from Janet E. Davison, Wellesley,  
Massachusetts, to Mr. John H. Davison, Staunton,  
Virginia, 1913 October 9

Janet E. Davison

Wellesley College Archives

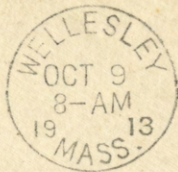
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Mr. John Henry Dawson  
Stanton Military Academy  
Stanton  
Virginia.

From

J. E. Davison

College Hall

Wellesley

Massachusetts.



Wed. night.

Dear Jack,

If you knew how dead-tired I am tonight you'd appreciate my starting a letter to you at ten-thirty. However, I told you Monday that I'd write tonight so I'll do a few lines.

Today has been the most exciting I've ever put in since I came to college and that, my dear son, is going some! To begin with I arose at 6:30, had breakfast at 7:15, studied from 7:45-8:15, then went to chapel. Studied from 9-9:55 and went to two classes. Studied from



11:35 - 12:30, ate lunch, studied  
from 12:50 - 2:15, changed my  
dress (and made a general  
dinner toilette) in 10 min.,  
had 2 more classes till 4:10.

Was due at class-meeting  
on balloting committee at  
4:15. Rushed down there, and  
we had to ballot 4 times  
before we could get our  
majority for President and  
then there were 11 other officers  
to elect. In each of the 15  
ballots there were 248<sup>signed</sup> votes  
cast and each time every  
vote had to be checked off  
on the official matriculation  
list. This took 14 of us  
from 4:15 to 6:30 to count  
all the ballots over twice,

and Helen & I ourselves did  
all the counting for the 4  
Presidential ballots. We nearly  
missed out on all our supper,  
& didn't get the first course;  
although we were thankful  
enough to get anything. From  
7-11:15 Dotty Day & I swept  
out the room where we'd held  
our class meeting. Then I  
cleaned up a little, went to  
Christian Association & then  
down to the Vill. with Mary  
Gittinger to call on Pauline  
Curran, the Village Sr. under  
whom we are working. Per-  
haps you don't realize that  
the Vill. is over a mile  
away & that we're having  
such a heavy fog that it's



darker & wetter than a heavy  
downpour would be. About  
9 I rushed back to the  
campus to our class sere-  
nade for the new Pres., then  
came home & visited a few  
minutes, got ready for bed,  
& am feeling readier every  
minute. The worst of it is that,  
as tomorrow is our sweep day,  
we must get up at 6:30 again  
& tear up the room.

Oh, as I'm going to ask  
you to send this letter on to  
Mama, I might say that  
"Dicky" Griffin is our Pres.,  
Marguerite Ryder (of Rochester)  
V. Pres., Ruth Chapin (of Perry)  
one of the Sec'y's, and Dorothy  
Day (of Lawrenceville) one  
of the Factotums. Mother

knows who all these girls are, so she'll be interested.

Yesterday P.M. I awoke with such a dizzy head that I couldn't stand up, but got up at 6:30 as usual, which, by the way, is 15 min. before the rising bell rings. I studied till 9:55, had 3 classes, and spent from 1-3:30 in the library reading & writing a paper on "Platonic Love", and at 4 went with Git to Miss Puddleton's (the college Pres.'s) to help serve at a Freshman reception. It was rather fun, but almost too polite although Miss Puddleton is very charming to meet & talk with.



Last night I went to bed  
before nine, but took my  
electric lamp with me and  
studied till nearly ten. It  
surely is hard to do all  
the studying that is necessary  
& profitable, but it's a pleasure  
to get things well. Don't you  
think?

Why haven't you said  
anything in your letters about  
Charlie Wylie? Don't you  
know him yet? & why didn't  
he meet you when you first  
arrived?

I didn't realize I was going  
to write so much, but I  
must surely close now &  
write a few lines to Mother.  
I'm not going to tell her any-

thing that's in this letter, so  
please send it on immediately.

Helen is at present writing to  
 her Harvard-Sophomore cousin,  
 Wallace Falvey, to bring another  
 fellow out with him to Versers  
 next Sunday evening. Privately  
 I'd rather they didn't come,  
 for Wallace is a mutt and  
 I draw him, whereas Helen  
 bargains for his room-mate,  
 who is at least good-looking.

I gather you are taking  
 Amer. Lit. from an accidental  
 remark which I'm sure was  
 unintentional on your part.  
 (That was sarcasm.) "What  
 else are you studying  
 these days?" I ask you for



the dozenth time.

I'm kind of sore at you, for I almost never get written to anymore and I used to get several letters a month, before you got them all. You don't know what desertion is, man.

Well, good night. Thank your room-mate for starting that letter for you. I'm sure it was very thoughtful of him. Which one is he?

You occasionally omit details.

Good night again and finally.

Lovingly,  
Janet.